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THE SPORTING WORLD.

WE who live cleanly, and have eschewed, perhaps never tasted sack, should nevertheless, it is fitting, turn our attention sometimes to the publicans upon whom also the sun is yet permitted to shine, and for whom—rather superfluously—the waters flow; if even with no other purpose than enjoying a pleasant Pharisaic comparison. These publicans are positively very numerous, and form a considerable, and unhappily by no means unimportant portion of society. Let us with delicate hand, then, lift a corner of the flaring bar-curtain which conceals them, and let in upon them the pure ray serene of our intelligent observation. The Canadian philosopher has observed that 'Life is not all beer and skittles;' but it is quite clear that he did not comprehend in that remark the well-known and popular journal called *Bell's Life*. There is a number of that accredited organ of the sporting world now lying before us, and it is our purpose—having not so much the interests of science (the culture of the fistic art is there so denominated) as the amusement of the public in view—to dissect it.

We find, then, in these annals of a single week, information concerning no less than forty-eight fights, recent or to come; notices of fifty-two pedestrian matches; of fifteen pigeon-shooting engagements; of twelve 'shows' of a canine character; of three rattings; of five matches at quoits; of seven wrestling-matches; of twenty-eight boat-races; of four performances at bowls; of two rabbit coursings; of three swimming-matches; of one effort of bird-fancy; and of five encounters at a game called Nurr and Spell: besides many score descriptions of yachting, of steeple-chasing, of cricket, of chess, and of racing. With these last more legitimate sports, almost all of us, including the ladies, are acquainted. Scarcely a Quaker sister of us Britons but must have heard, for instance, that *Blinkbonny* won the Derby of '57 with plenty in hand; she must surely have some 'wet' Quaker cousin, or cousin no Quaker at all, who is as interested in the spring meetings at Newmarket as her respectable papa is in those at Exeter Hall. Perhaps no well-regulated middle-class family in the metropolis is so fortunate that no single member of it at any period has ever had a bet upon some 'coming event,' even if he may have never dropped into Tattersall's to pick up a thing or two upon a Sunday. We are confessedly a racing nation, from the aristocratic followers of the head of the 'great Conservative party,' down to the no less credulous professional gentry of the ring, who call *Aphrodite*, *Aphrodight*, 'because Mr Davis says so, and he must know.'

We must study *Bell's Life* where it treats of other topics than these familiar ones, to be made aware how numerous and influential—for it has lots of money—the sporting world, the beer-and-skittle population, really is. What enormous concourse of people, it seems, assemble nightly at the *Spotted Horse*, or the *Weasel Asleep*, to see, not a pugilistic encounter (for on an occasion of that sort whole towns are covered with a locust flight of 'the fancy,' and special trains break down with the weight of them), but the mere 'posting' of the third or fourth deposit-money of twenty-five pounds for the great fight for two hundred pounds, between the Lively Butcher and Young Sambo. How much more crowded (we read) the great room at the Lower Welsh Harp is sure to be, on Wednesday next, at the scaling, which is to take place between twelve and one, and whereat neither man must exceed in weight ten stone; where the *venue* or whereabouts of the forthcoming mill will also be disclosed, which may, however, be learnt even now by safe hands at the Bell and Cauliflower, Barbican, or at Jemmy Durdan's, Crown. What really large sums of money seem to be betted upon these events! how flush of the 'needful,' the 'Californian,' the 'stumpy,' our sporting friends appear to be! How great must be the aggregate amount of deposits in the hands of the editor of *Bell's Life* alone, for all these matches, in which the total sums contended for vary from four pounds to five hundred. Possessing, thus, considerable wealth, the sporting world, however, is far from being proud or exclusive, the most distinguished members of it being almost invariably referred to by familiar titles, such as these—Billy Duncan, Young Reed, Doe of Paddington, Nat Langham, and Jem Ward. Of this latter gentleman, we read: 'Jem Ward is again sparkling in his old horizon (King's Arms, Whitechapel Road); he has painted a picture which he has challenged the world for colour, and can be seen at his house.' We do not consider ourselves capable, nor are we desirous, of criticising this passage, only, with the greatest humility, we should so very much like to know what it means.

One great peculiarity of the ring is the anonymous character of almost all its heroes at the commencement of their profession; they seem to be quite content to lose all individuality in a name such as 'the Novice,' or even to do without a name at all. For instance: 'Alec Keene has an old man, fifty-eight years of age, he will back to fight Jesse Hatton for ten pounds, or twenty pounds, a side, at catch-weight.' Our own weight, although we are far from stout, is certainly not what we should understand by 'catch-

weight; so we suppose there must be some non-natural meaning attached to this term; but apart from that, who would like, at fifty-eight years of age, to be Alec Keene's or anybody else's old man? Jesse Hatton himself seems to hold a far from enviable position. There are no less than four challenges besides the above thrown at that athlete in this present number of *Bell*, all of which are couched in contemptuous language. Jemmy Walsh, whose money—one hundred pounds—is always ready at the Blue Cow, Spitalfields, will fight him on almost any terms. The *Spider* is astonished at J. H.'s impudence in offering to find a man to fight him at eight stone four pounds, when his (the *Spider's*) weight is well known to be seven stone seven pounds; but he offers to accommodate Jesse Hatton himself with a very great deal of pleasure. Also, a gentleman will be at Mr Short's, Leaping Bar, Old Street, on Monday evening, to back a novice who never fought for a shilling, against Jesse Hatton for twenty-five pounds a side, at his own weight; also, a novice who never won above five pounds, weight about ten stone, will fight Jesse Hatton for another twenty-five pounds; and if articles with a deposit are sent to us (editor of *Bell's Life*), a match will be made. Poor Jesse Hatton! Well for him that 'Jem Cross regrets to state that his novice, Campbell, has left for Australia' (leaving, as it appears, sundry debts incurred during his novitiate, to pay which, a benefit at J. C.'s would be desirable), or he would certainly have had another adversary upon his hands. Any gentleman seems to be at liberty to take to himself a sparring benefit, whenever he chooses. The Caledonian Mouse intends to have one at *The Black Boy and Still* next week, he says, and all of the right sort will of course be there.

How strange it seems that while Mr Benjamin Caunt here is expressing a wish to back his Enthusiastic Potboy against any man in the world at nine stone eight pounds for two hundred sovereigns, Topper Brown, Esq., should be also advertising in the same column his willingness to accommodate any man in the world at nine stone six pounds! Surely this trifling difference of two pounds should not be allowed to keep asunder heroes like these. There is a certain Elastic Potboy—of little less repute—who will afford, next Monday, in donning the gloves with Johnny Walker, 'a treat in himself, independently of all other considerations.' It would be tedious to narrate the many attractions of the boxing-boudoirs here so much extolled, at all of which the *Bibliotheca Pugilistica* is kept for reference; and where *Fistiana* and the *Fights for the Championship* are to be had at the bar. Tedious, too, to tell where the best sing-songs at the east-end are held nightly, and where are the snuggest snuggeries at the west; where the Lancashire champion step-dancer holds his harmonic meetings; or where the Indian club and Sir Charles Napier feat are imparted upon moderate terms. Let us rather take a glance, once for all, at the ring itself, to which these others are but mere ministers and accessories. What a peculiar phraseology it has, and yet how thoroughly understood of the people! Neither foot-note nor marginal reference is considered necessary to elucidate a statement of the following kind: 'Seventh round—the *Nigger* came up looking five ways for Sunday.'

Now, what was Sunday to the *Nigger*, or the *Nigger* to Sunday, that he should be so superfluous as to look for it in five several directions? One would have thought it would have been about the very last thing with which this gentleman would have concerned himself, and that which he would know least what to do with when he had found it! But the phrase is in common use, it seems, to express the confusion and 'all abroadness' consequent upon having

head and eyes punched to excess in the previous rounds. The weakness of the *Nigger* was such, we are told, that he 'could not make a dint in a pound of butter'—also a pugilistic phrase, and not, as might be supposed, the result of an ingenious experiment proposed by his seconds or other interested persons. He 'had his ruby drawn,' and was then caught up and dashed violently upon the ground by his opponent, the *Young Un*, who, however, 'with the greatest generosity, declined to fall upon him.' Honour to the brave! The *Nigger* was so punished (we read on), that had not his bottom been of the very first quality, the sponge would most certainly have been thrown up even at this early period. He had 'to spar for wind!' We have heard of whistling for wind in extreme nautical emergencies, but this picture of a black man so faint with heat that he has to impart a rotatory or fan-like movement to his fists for the sake of air, is really terrible. Perhaps it was for time only in which to recover breath; at all events, he sparred for wind, but 'the *Young Un* got home heavily upon his occiput (there is no place like home), and then knocked him clean out of time by a hit under the left ear.' Does this fearful sentence mean that the younger of the two antagonists destroyed the other's power of discriminating melody, or that he absolutely killed, launched into eternity, as the chroniclers of the executions have it, this poor black person? who, never let us forget, is a man and a brother, when the hat is going round for the beaten man—beaten because he was knocked out of time—and hence perhaps the expression 'knocked into the middle of next week,' or, more poetically, 'wrapped into future times,' and could not recover in the minute allowed between the rounds. The *Young Un*, who was the favourite from the first, must, it is written, have rocked the gold cradle to some purpose, so many of his handkerchiefs having been distributed before the fight began, upon the usual terms—a sovereign if he won, and nothing if he lost.

This, we suppose, must be the somewhat illegitimate offspring of that chivalrous custom of the knights of old, who always got possession, if they could, of their fair ladies' kerchiefs to wear upon their helmets; but a pound apiece seems certainly a very long price for them. Besides this graceful distribution of what, we are distressed to say, are elsewhere denominated 'wipes,' there is another curious piece of delicacy in this account of the late fight between Mr Benjamin Caunt and Mr Nathaniel Langham. 'Ben,' we read, 'barring his mug, was a study for a sculptor; his powerful legs being set off to the best advantage by pink silk stockings and well-fitting drawers.' Why, one would think the man was going to dance a ballet, instead of subjecting himself to such excessive ill-treatment as this: 'Nat fiddled him to within due distance,' 'popped his larboard daddle on his jawl,' 'nailed him prettily on the left squinter,' 'got sharply on to his tenor trap,' 'dropped smartly on to his snorer,' 'set his warbler bleeding;' and, in fact, rendered the whole of his features as unrecognisable physically, as they must appear to any exclusive reader of Messrs Addison and Steele. Still, we think, we would rather be even prize-fighters than wrestlers, who are subject to such conditions as these: 'Two back-falls out of three, Lancashire fashion; no hanging allowed, catch as catch can, in pumps and drawers. The spikes not to exceed a quarter of an inch in length.' The generosity of the *Young Un*, before mentioned, in not throwing himself upon his prostrate antagonist, pales, in our opinion, before the humanity of this regulation. Think of 'drawers,' 'spikes of a quarter of an inch long' (only), and 'catch as catch can!'

Of all the societies which we ever heard of, the least interesting, and yet the most extraordinary, must

certainly be a 'Fancy Rabbit Society,' whereof, it appears from *Bell's Life*, there are scores all over England. Mr W., of the Rochester and Chatham F.R.S., is happy to observe, at the last numerous and harmonic meeting of his club, that 'an infusion of new life has entered into the breeders of this society;' and, certainly, these are scarcely too strong terms to apply to its productions—'sooty fawns,' 'blue and whites,' and 'tortoise-shells'—which were placed upon the table for inspection. One female, with her four young ones, was exhibited, 'whose united measurement of ears was no less than 102 inches; the mother's own ear being nearly two feet long!' Even Mrs Caudle could scarcely have objected to her husband belonging to a club of this description—it must surely be the very mildest form of rakishness that ever broke out in a domestic man. We cannot but think that a long course of attendance at the meetings of a Fancy Rabbit Society would be the very thing for softening character and removing asperities.

What a strange but significant communication has our friend *Bell* in his very first page, addressed to a Mr De C—: 'Unless Mr De C— pays certain bets lost by him on the Liverpool and Goodwood Cups, without further application, full particulars of the same will be advertised next week.' Again, what delicate evasions of the laws against betting-houses appear in these singular columns under the attractive titles of 'Winning made Certain,' and 'The Golden Secret Gratia.' 'Judicium (sic) vulgaris est fallax'—public opinion is deceptive, writes the classical H. J., 'especially in selecting winners for any racing event; therefore, apply for advice to the true source alone;' which is, of course, H. J. himself, who has 'several ready hints for the coming Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire.'

A number of these gentlemen also 'execute commissions to any amount,' the position of whom in the sporting world is such that they must needs be always in possession of the very latest intelligence. Crossed cheques or Post-office orders are received indifferently, only, 'N.B.—No personal interviews can be granted.'

What is Nurr and Spell, at which Tommy Stephenson of Wortley is open to play any man sixty years of age for five pounds a side, providing he will give him ten score in thirty-one rises? Also, is there any man short of a bird-fancier who can translate this? 'J. Arnold, of the Rising Sun, Stoke Newington, will match his goldfinch against any other for five pounds, for the best and most slamming of a goldfinch, also mule one in the month for the same sum.' Mule one in the month! What possible misprint or assemblage of misprints could have produced this? Here is something like a pigeon: 'Thomas Miller's checkered cock will fly R. Wall's black cock, Podgers' sandy cock, or John Dawson's white cock, or will take a quarter of minute's start of Thomas Leech's blue cock, all from North Shields station.' Also: 'Samuel Binns of Bradford is surprised after what has occurred at seeing John Shannik's challenge of Lamberhead Green: if he really means flying, let him send a deposit to *Bell's Life*, and articles to Davy Deacon's at once.'

There are scores upon scores of other sporting matters here referred to, with the very nature of which folks out of the different 'fancies' can know nothing, each evidently exciting considerable interest, and having large sums depending on it. Those who concern themselves with these exploits, seem to be almost as numerous as the fast men, within everybody's observation, who restrict themselves mainly to the turf, and go about whispering solemnly of good things and certainties. Are they then publicans? Are they small trades-people? Are they gentlemen's servants? Or are they the collected

edition of that Idler whom we see at every street-corner with a straw in his mouth?

Here, again, is quite a riddle to anybody unversed in the mysteries of *Bell*: 'James Carey, alias Merryman, will run James Jones, alias Titler, a hundred yards level, and take two yards of Edwards, alias Fake, in a hundred.' How many people are there, and how many run? Here follow a few of the names of the correspondents of the sporting journal. Had we not read already what we have, we should have pronounced them at once to be fictitious; as it is, we know not what to think. Diddleum Dumps, Happy-go-lucky, An Old Lady Cousin, Ipse Dixit, Bolus, Pickaxe, and Campus Martius.

Even the advertisements are not the least like the advertisements of other papers. Who out of the sporting world ever had a fashionable tailor recommended to him in such a manner as this? 'Do you want a well-built pair of Kickseys?' Whoever saw elsewhere such headings to medical advertisements as these: 'Given away for the good of nervous sufferers,' or, 'For the benefit of suffering humanity, gratis?' What a compliment to the taste of our military is presented in this little paragraph: 'In consequence of the interest evinced by gentlemen in the army (many of whom are now quitting this country, unhappily, for India), the great case in fashionable life before Chief Baron Nicholson, at the Coal Hole Tavern, will be repeated every evening for another week.'

The advertisements conclude with the information that 'Mr Thomas Senn can be seen in Arthur Street, Bloomsbury, daily.' Is this gentleman a *lusus nature*, a beast with a bill, an albino, a lawyer, or a physician? Can he be seen gratis? or if we pay for it, is his appearance worth the money?

Among the answers to correspondents, which vary in subject from dynamics to tossing, there are the following:

'W. H., Reading.—Yes, you idiot.'

'Blinky must have been drunk to ask such questions.'

'J. B.—The accent is on the o.'

'W.—Her depth is sixty feet.'

'We do not know what you mean by "Bar the Bottle."' (Think of the editor of *Bell's Life* not knowing an expression of that kind!)

And 'J. R. P. is informed that by a solution of soda, frequently applied, he may get rid of all his warts.'

Finally, where deaths would occur in most journals, the place is occupied in *Bell's Life* by 'scratchings':

'On the 4th instant, at eight p.m., Diggers Daughter, Star of the East, and Cock-a-doodle-do, out of the Triennial.'

Instead of births we find only 'greyhound produce':

'At Newry on the 20th instant, Mr Savage's black bitch Nameless, whelped nine puppies—namely, four dogs and five bitches, all black, to Mr Rageley's black dog, Master Charles, by Bedlamite out of Perseverance.'

While the nearest approach to a marriage seems to us like the breaking off of one: 'On the 1st instant, at eleven a.m., Miss Harkaway, out of all her engagements at Chester.'

Many of our readers will perhaps be surprised to find by the foregoing account how thriving and populous 'the sporting world' still is. They have supposed, and hoped, no doubt, that the particular classes to which we have been referring belonged to another era, and had died out a quarter of a century ago. Nevertheless, there is balm in Gilead for this matter. It is satisfactory to reflect that this portion of the sporting world is now confined to certain limits, represented only by particular organs, and is

not, as was heretofore the case, suffered to intrude itself through countless channels upon respectable society.

MECHANICAL SELF-CONTROL.

THERE is scarcely a spectacle on this round mechanical world more interesting than a huge steam-engine bending its pivot-joints, and plying its iron limbs with a giant's power. The circle of the writer's familiar acquaintance includes a grim Bolton-and-Watt framed Titan of this species, whom it is particularly pleasant to be on visiting terms with. The writer has long been free to lounge into this grim giant's reception-room whenever it pleases him, and has often stood there entranced in gazing at the monster as he heaves his massive spine up and down, and turns a huge twenty-feet wide fly-wheel, weighing, Messrs Bolton and Watt only know how many tons of iron, by the unceasing pressure of his cranky hand. The strength he puts out upon his whirling task, is altogether as prodigious as it seems. The relentless sweep of the rim of that colossal wheel, as it rushes past the eye with a speed of nearly twenty miles an hour, amply tells how fearful a task it would be to have to arrest its progress. The strength of a hundred horses concentrated in the effort, would be of no avail.

The steam-giant under notice is a very contented workman, in his way. When he has been once set going, he does not at all care how long he is kept at his labour; minutes or hours, weeks or years, are all the same to him; he is entirely indifferent about holidays and sleep. All he requires is, that his employers shall feed him well while his limbs are exerted in their service. He never strikes for wages, but he will strike at any time if food is withheld from him when he ought to receive it, and then not another turn can be extracted from his mighty and otherwise willing arm. He is by no means either an epicure or a gourmand, but it has been found to be good policy to have him treated with great consideration in the matter of diet. A trustworthy and experienced attendant is kept to watch the indications of his appetite, and to serve his meals at proper times. If the curious observer goes round into his dining-room, he will see this attendant shovelling food into the giant's yawning mouth, for he does not care to take his own hand from his labour even whilst at his meals. It will be noticed, too, that his food consists of black glistening lumps, and the giant will be heard to roar with satisfaction as each mouthful is pitched into his capacious gullet, and gulped down. All the energies of the Titanic labourer come, in fact, out of that black, glistening food. Having swallowed it, he digests it in his furnace-stomach, and there assimilates it into fervid power. Since he thus knocks off such a quantity of work, it will be readily conceived that he is somewhat of a hearty feeder. He eats at least three tons of solid food every day!

There is one peculiarity about this Titanic labourer of the iron thews which is worthy of remark. A giant by nature, of noble extraction, he nevertheless condescends to busy himself with operations that seem to be more appropriate occupations for spiders and caterpillars than for his mighty energies. He expends his gigantic force upon a myriad of pigmy movements, which are individually of the most trifling character. His lot has been cast in the yarn-factory of the Messrs Blake of Norwich. It is those gentlemen who feed him, and it is for their advantage that he labours. Those who would see what it is that he is doing for his board, must pass round to the further side of the party-wall of the giant's reception-room; and there they will observe that the axle of the great fly-wheel passes through the wall, and moves a vertical shaft by the agency of a sort of cogged pinion, which, in its turn, sets a series of horizontal shafts revolving in a

number of long rooms packed one over the other. These shafts whirl round other rods and rollers innumerable. The final result is, that the movement of the great wheel is diffused into that of 10,000 spindles, which wind upon themselves fine filmy threads of woollen yarn after they have been duly drawn out, and slightly twisted. The machinery accomplishes a few other subordinate tasks; but the great item in the account of work done is still the rotatory evolutions of the almost countless spindles. Placed in the form of an equation, the statement would be: 100 horses = 10,000 caterpillars. The power of the 100 horses draws out and winds 10,000 caterpillar-like threads of filmy wool.

The scattering of great effort into diffused gentle movement, is a notable affair. In mechanical concerns, there is no such thing as the creation of force; all motory effects are merely mutations of exertion. The stream of power may be dammed up until it breaks forth as a cataract, or it may be spread out into a wide, smooth, lake-like reservoir; or it may be twisted and turned into new channels; but it cannot be absolutely originated out of nothing. The 100 horse-power of the steam-engine was primarily accumulated in the black coal, being communicated to it from the atmosphere when the wood, out of which the coal was made, was growing. That 100 horse-power suffices to drive 10,000 spindles, and would, perchance, turn some few hundreds more; but if successive additions were made, there would surely at last come a time when yet another pigmy spindle would be all that was required to arrest the heavings of the mighty giant—when a minute spindle would indeed be the final straw that broke the camel's back. An instructive illustration of this principle of transmutation of power could be seen until recently at the Messrs Blake's yarn-factory. It occasionally chanced that all the spindles contained in one of the apartments of the factory needed to be stopped at once, without arresting the movement of the rest of the machinery. Whenever this was done, the force which had been previously devoted to the driving of those spindles was immediately left in the arm of the giant as redundant strength. In an instant, this redundant power was transferred to the machinery, which still remained at work, and its spindles began to rattle round with a mad speed that threatened dire mischief to the work on hand. It has happened on more than one occasion, that the sudden putting out of gear of the frames in one room of the factory, has occasioned so much alarm to the work-people stationed in the other rooms, as to cause them to rush in frantic terror from their stations, possessed with the idea that the mill was about to be torn down about their ears.

Every casual inequality in the rate of a powerful steam-engine, whose proper work is of this diffusive kind, is attended not only with inconvenience, but also with absolute loss to the proprietors of the concern, from breakage of yarn, and from other analogous results. It hence becomes an affair of the utmost moment that some means should be contrived whereby an even and steadily regulated movement of the engine may be insured. The ordinary rotating governor, composed of the pair of balls on the divergent rods, does act as a bridle upon the machine, but unfortunately this bridle only comes into action when the increased speed has been entered upon; it is the increased speed that causes the centrifugal divergence of the balls. The engine must be tearing on too fast, before the rise of the more rapidly rotating balls can close the throttle-valve which admits the steam to the cylinder. What is especially required is a hand constantly applied to the lever-handle of the throttle-valve, which shall be so ready, and of such exquisite sensibility, that it can almost anticipate the fitful irregularities of the machinery. This requirement,

Messrs Child and Wilson have recently actually furnished. They have contrived a sensitive hand of brass and iron, and have patented the contrivance, under the name of the 'Differential-action Governor.' The steam-engine in the Messrs Blake's yarn-factory at Norwich, now works under the tutelage of this controlling hand; and the grim Bolton-and-Watt framed Titan may be there seen comporting itself with a singularly reformed and equable demeanour, under provocation which before would have driven him altogether wild.

The differential-action governor consists of a cogged pinion, with two toothed racks, one at each side, the teeth being pressed against the cogs of the pinion. One rack, which we will call A, comes down from the centrifugal governor balls of the steam-engine, and turns the pinion on a central pivot as it turns up or down; it also so affects a valve beneath, as to let water into a pressure-cylinder beneath, turning it either above or below a piston-plate which traverses there; the water comes from a high cistern, and acts upon the piston by hydrostatic pressure, driving it up or down. The piston-plate ends above in the second rack, which we will call B. The rack B also turns the cogged pinion as it rises or falls. The pinion itself is on the lever-handle of the throttle-valve, and opens or closes the valve, letting steam into or shutting it off from the steam cylinder of the engine when it is lifted or depressed. When the rack A runs down without B being moved, the pinion is rolled on the rack B, and the throttle-valve narrowed. When the rack B runs up without A being moved, B is rolled on the rack A, and the throttle-valve diminished. When A goes up, and B down, *pari passu*, or the reverse, the pinion is rotated on the pivot, and the throttle-valve is neither opened nor closed. The downward pressure of the governor acts on rack A, and the upward pressure of the water on rack B, and this constitutes the 'differential action.' By this very clever contrivance, the steam is cut off at once, when the speed of the engine's movement is augmented in even the slightest degree: the instant sufficient steam is cut off from or admitted into the cylinder, the centrifugal force of the gyrating governor, and the pressure of the water, neutralise each other, and twirl the pinion round on its pivot, without producing any change of position in the throttle-valve, or alteration of capacity in its aperture. The two racks act upon the throttle-valve together, or separately, or even simultaneously in opposite directions, and so the movements of the throttle-valve are practically determined by the 'difference' between the hydraulic pressure and the centrifugal force; that is, by 'differential action' in the phraseology of the patentees. This is how Messrs Child and Wilson have contrived to endow stubborn and strong-willed steam-machinery with the power of self-control.

To illustrate the capabilities of this ingenious little piece of apparatus, the frames of one of the large rooms of the factory were thrown out of gear, while the writer stood, watch in hand, in the engine-room to note the effects. When the extra twenty horse-power was in this way thrown back upon the engine, the hydraulic rack was seen to lift itself through about the third of an inch, as its opposite neighbour was convulsed by a slight tremor, but this was the only discernible effect. The huge fly-wheel, in perfect unconcern, travelled on in its twenty-five revolution per minute pace. The twenty horse-power revulsion was no more to it than a breath of wind. It was all expended in causing the hydraulic pressure to narrow the opening of the throttle-valve. The work-people in the rooms containing the still effective machinery, were entirely unconscious of any change having taken place in the operation of the mill, with the exception of a single individual, who conceived himself to have

a keener perception than his fellows. He declared that he was conscious of the extra strain having been thrown upon the engine; but, unfortunately for his reputation, it proved that when he fancied the frames were thrown out of gear, they were really in the act of being connected with the engine again.

The working of the factory under the superintendence of this beautiful piece of mechanism, is indeed absolutely regular; the revolutions of the fly-wheel are registered upon a dial-plate by the agency of hands, which serve the further purpose of indicating the precise time of the day. The steam-giant now drives the hands of a clock as well as the 10,000 spindles—he is now a *chronometer* as well as a spinner of wool.

SIBERIA AND CHINESE TATARY.*

THE usual idea attaching to Siberia is that of a place of frightful exile in one of the most inhospitable parts of the globe. Now, there is no doubt of the winter being intensely severe, and of the great length of time requisite for communication with Europe; but, in summer, a great deal of it is a land flowing with milk and honey, full of vast mineral and vegetable wealth, and abounding in the most romantic and beautiful scenery. In the penal settlements there is a severe discipline for the convicts, but the mass of the population of Siberia is the most comfortable and best provided for in the Russian Empire, and this region now contains several towns that have the comforts and luxuries of European civilisation.

But the region to the south-east of Siberia, and on the north-western frontiers of China, was, until the travels of Mr Atkinson, a *terra incognita* to the European geographer, and even the volume already published by him comprises only a portion of his vast seven years' exploration of regions concerning which our geographical data are surmise and hearsay of inaccurate Tatars and Chinese. We learn from this interesting traveller, that it was only by being well armed that he overcame opposition, that he daily practised the rifle, and, on one occasion, had to hold his muzzle for ten minutes to a chief's breast before he could proceed. An examination of the sketches in his portfolios procured us one of the pleasantest days we have passed for a long time, and we feel persuaded that what is to follow will prove fully as important and curious as what has already appeared.

In the meantime, the volume actually published takes us from the Ural to Lake Baikal on the east; and on the south, through the Kirghisian Steppe and the Gobi or Great Desert to the Chinese town of Chin Si, at the foot of the Shan Shan Mountains, which never had been seen by any European. Looking anxiously forward to the account of the further prosecution of his journey, we will, in the meantime, give some account of the ground already traversed.

Mr Atkinson says in his preface: 'I have several times looked upon what appeared inevitable death, and have had a fair allowance of hairbreadth escapes, when riding and sketching on the brink of precipices with a perpendicular depth of 1500 feet below me. With these accompaniments, I traversed much of the hitherto unexplored regions of Central Asia, and produced 560 sketches of the scenery, executed with the moist colours made by Winsor and Newton—invaluable to an artist employed under such circumstances. I have used them on the sandy plains of Central Asia, in a temperature of 50 degrees Réaumur (144 degrees Fahrenheit), and in Siberia have had them frozen as solid as a mass of iron, when the temperature was 43 degrees Réaumur of frost, 11 degrees below the

* Atkinson's *Oriental and Western Siberia*. Hurst & Blackett. 1858.

point where the mercury became solid, and when I could make it into balls in my bullet-moulds. Some of my largest works have been painted with colours that have stood these severe tests; and for depth and purity of tone, have not been surpassed by those I have had fresh from the manufactory. With cake-colours, all my efforts would have been useless.'

Before we begin with a condensation and analysis of selected portions of the work of Mr Atkinson, it may not be amiss to call attention to the more prominent features of the physical geography of the Russian empire. West of the Ural, we find Russia in Europe to consist of the vast region lying between the Black, the Baltic, and the Caspian Seas, the greater part of it being level, and intersected by noble rivers, adjoining corn-producing alluvial regions, and populated, except in the Baltic provinces, chiefly by native Muscovites; but all to the eastward of the Volga—that is to say, in the ancient khanats of Orenburg and Siberia—the substratum of the population is Turkish, or, according to the new ethnological term, Ugrian. The mountain-chain of the Ural separates Russia from Siberia, and the whole of the territory to the east differs essentially from Russia Proper. The rivers Ob, Yenisei, and Lena drain the backbone of Asia, and are lost in the Frozen Ocean. The plains on the north, in the vicinity of the sea, are inhospitable, and unfit for habitation; but all the mountain-regions are full of the most valuable minerals. The Ural abounds in iron and precious stones, and the Altai in gold and silver.

Ekaterinburg, or the City of Catherine, is the capital of the Ural; and here are the vast mechanical works and manufactories established by government for utilising the minerals of the district. They are built upon an enormous scale, and fitted up with machinery from the best makers in England, under the superintendence of an English mechanic. Precious stones are submitted to the art of the lapidary in another department. The jaspers are found in a great variety of colours—the most beautiful deep green, dark purple, dark violet, gray and cream colour; also a ribbon-jasper, with stripes of reddish brown and green. The porphyries are also of most brilliant colours. Orlite of a deep pink colour, with veins of yellow and black, is semi-transparent when made into vases. Here, also, the beautiful malachite vases and tablets are cut and polished. Those who remember the Great Exhibition of 1851, can have an idea of the beauty of this material and manufacture. Magnificent jasper-tables are inlaid with different-coloured stones, in imitation of birds, flowers, and foliage. Several men are employed in these for six successive years; but the wages are exceedingly low: a man engaged in carving foliage on some of the jasper vases, in a style not excelled in Europe, did not receive more than 3s. 8d. per month, with thirty-six pounds of rye-flour per month, to make into bread. Meat he was never supposed to eat. A married man with a family receives two poods of black flour for his wife, and one for each child, on which they look well. Mr Atkinson saw another man cutting a head of Ajax, after the antique, in jasper of two colours—the ground dark green, and the head yellowish cream-colour, in very high relief, and intended for a brooch. The traveller being an admirable artist, was a judge of such works. He pronounces it to have been a splendid production of art, such as would have raised the man to a high position in any country in Europe except Russia; and yet his pay was 3s. 8d. per month, with bread.

The great wealth of the Demidoff family comes chiefly from the Ural; their estate there is as large as Yorkshire, and full of iron of good quality. Of course, the population is scanty, and this accounts for the wealth of the Demidoffs not being fabulous. Foreigners talk much of the contrasts of wealth and

poverty in England; but the 3s. 8d. per month to the admirable artist-lapidary, and the Demidoff estate as large as Yorkshire, is a contrast still more striking than any we have in England.

English mechanics have been employed in the Ural from a very early period. Many years ago, a mechanic named Major was sent to Ekaterinburg, and when the Emperor Alexander I. visited the mountain, he was greatly pleased with the works Major had established; and, as a token of his satisfaction, presented him with a piece of land containing about twenty acres, with all the minerals it contained, for gold was known to be deposited there. He then began to excavate it, and wash the gold-sand, which proved lucrative, and the amount was weighed and entered in a book, and delivered to Major every evening, who deposited it in an iron box, which stood in his cabinet, the key of which he carried in his pocket. One Sunday evening, Major and his old housekeeper were alone in the house; he occupied in his cabinet, and she sitting in her own room, not far from the entrance-door. Suddenly her attention was drawn to a noise in the outward lobby, which induced her to leave the room. The moment she got into the entrance, she was seized, and thrown down a staircase leading to some apartments below. Her screams and the noise reached Major in his cabinet, who rushed out with a candle in his hand; a blow from an axe fell upon his head, and he never breathed again. After this the murderers possessed themselves of the box and gold, ransacked the place in search of other treasure, and then departed, closing the doors after them. All this time the old woman was lying at the foot of the stairs in a state of insensibility, quite unconscious of the tragedy which had been enacted in the rooms above. It was not until the morning of the third day after, that one of the officers from the machine-works went to consult Major on some matter of importance, when the murder was discovered.

A strict investigation was commenced. The house-keeper, who was long unconscious, began to revive, but nothing clear could be got out of her, and the police were baffled. She had been seized so suddenly that she could not tell how many men were in the lobby. A merchant was suspected from his dealings in gold, but he proved that he was distant ninety versts from the spot at six o'clock on the morning of the murder. Years passed on without a discovery; but the quantity of gold stolen from the mines, and sent into Tatar and Bokhara, had become so enormous, that the Russian government determined to discover how it was effected. So a spy was sent to Ekaterinburg, disguised as a peasant. Even the police authorities on the spot were not aware of his mission. He ingratiated himself at the public-houses with the characters likely to throw light on the subject, and discovered that there were persons in these gold-robberies far away from Ekaterinburg through whom the precious metal was got out of the country into Tatar. He then proceeded to Omsk, and began to offer gold to the Tatars, but with great caution; and he was soon introduced to the great gold-dealer, whose influence was so great that the Tatars dared not buy gold unless it had passed through his hands. His interview took place in the back-room of a large house, where a man with a long Bokhara dress tied round his waist with a shawl, took his seat at the table, and asked the assumed peasant in a very rude manner how much gold he had stolen, where he came from, and other questions calculated to frighten him. All these were answered in a very submissive tone. The gold was then ordered to be produced, which was done, and the weight of each packet marked thereon. The Tatar was asked to pour out all the gold into a scale, but to this the peasant objected, as it was found to weigh less than the seller knew it to be, but

the receiver said: 'What, thief! thou art not content with robbing thy employers, but thou wishest to cheat me. I shall soon hear of thee in the mines of Siberia.' He then offered an insignificant amount for the gold, saying that he gave him five minutes to consider whether he would take the money or be handed over to the police. The arrest of the gang then took place by the agents of the police who had been called upon by the spy, who, having accomplished his mission in Omsk, started for Ekaterinburg, and procured the arrest of the merchant who had been previously taken up, but acquitted of the murder; his wife now revealed where the gold was buried, and on searching for it, they found the axe with which the murder had been committed. This man had long been engaged in gold-smuggling; he associated with those who stole it from the mines. For this purpose, he required good horses, and possessed one of extraordinary power and speed. As soon as the gold had been secured after Major's murder, he mounted his horse, and in about four hours, rode ninety versts, presenting himself to the director at Kamenskoi. The murder was now proved against all who had been engaged in it; they were sentenced 'to run the gantlet' (that is, to walk between the lines formed by a regiment of soldiers consisting of 3000 men, each man striking the victim with a rod), and died immediately after the punishment. The bands of gold-stealers were broken up; some were sent to the mines in Siberia, and the gendarme returned to St Petersburg to receive a reward for his really dangerous labour.

The Altai is the mountain-range in the south of Siberia, in which the Yenisei, and other large rivers of Siberia, flowing into the White Sea, have their source. Parts of it are covered with dense forests of cedars, with a thick underwood which renders progress slow; other parts are clear of bushes, the ground being covered with grass and plants, and above, gigantic cedars, their gnarled and twisted branches forming a canopy through which the sun scarcely penetrates. This is on the northern slope of the Altai; but the southern slope has very little forest. Here are seen in summer the skeletons of Kalmuck winter-dwellings—the birch-bark is stripped off these conical houses, and only the bare poles remain. At this time of the year, the inhabitants are up in the mountains, where they find plenty of grass for their cattle, and where they are free from the mosquitoes. In autumn, they return to the lower grounds, cover their *yourts* with new bark, and, in a few days, their winter dwellings are completed. On the river Arakym, Atkinson saw many black squirrels, skipping about in the branches; they enlivened the scene, sitting among the foliage. Their fur is a dark gray in winter, at which season Kalmucks kill them, for the fur is not good in summer. Stags are numerous in these mountains, and the Arakym Valley is a great battle-field of bucks in the rutting season. In summer, they are all in the higher regions near the snow, where the mosquitoes and flies cannot follow them. Even the bears, with their rough shaggy coats, cannot remain in the valleys in summer, where these insects are extremely numerous.

Bear-hunting exploits are common in these mountains. One afternoon, a Cossack officer was quietly strolling through the forest alone and unarmed, when he observed a she-bear and her two cubs playing together. When she became aware of his presence, she growled, drove her young ones into a tree for shelter, and mounted guard at the foot of it to defend them. The Cossack then made a temporary retreat, and selected a birch club, four feet long, the quality of which he tested by blows on a tree. When the old bear saw him, she began to growl and pace about uneasily; but the man advanced over a fine grassy turf, with no shrubs or bushes to entangle

his feet. The bear then made a rush at him, and rising on her hind-legs, intended to give him a settler with her powerful paws, or hug him to death; but he made a sweep with his club, and dealt such a blow that she toppled over. Many rounds were fought, her antagonist keeping clear of her paws. She endeavoured to get behind him, but a blow of the cudgel drove her back, until at last she began a retreat towards the forest; but the moment the Cossack moved to the tree, the bear would rush out, taking care not to come within his reach, the cubs remaining in the branches as spectators. At this time, a woodman, returning to the gold-mine, rode into the glade; his first impulse was to run, but the Cossack ordered him to dismount, take off his saddle-bags, and secure the cubs in them. They then started for the village, followed by the bear, that charged repeatedly, and was as often beaten back by the Cossack with his club, who covered the retreat; each time the bear was laid prostrate, and finally would not approach within striking distance: she returned to the forest, and was never seen again. This was a feat of extraordinary daring, skill, strength, and activity; but, after all, our sympathies are with the poor inoffensive bear.

The bear, however, it must be admitted, is not always the injured party. When at the Lake Baikal, Atkinson mentions that three villagers went to hunt in a forest. His informant lost sight of his two companions, lighted a fire, took his evening meal, and was soon fast asleep. Two or three hours had passed when he was awakened by something near him, and, turning his head, he observed by the light of his fire a large bear going down the bank to the little stream. He divined the object of the brute in an instant. Bruin was going for water to put the fire out, that he might then devour his victim; for it is an ascertained fact that a bear will not attack a man when sleeping by a fire, but will first go into the water and saturate his fur, to put out the fire. It was but the work of a moment for the hunter to seize his rifle, and stop the proceedings of the animal with a bullet as it was ascending the bank.

The adventures in Mongolia, particularly in the Gobi, lying between the Siberian Altai and the Chinese mountain of Syan Shan, are highly interesting, and we are introduced to the nomade Kirghisian sultans, who appear to be the purest orientals of the Turkish race, having no tincture of European civilisation, like those of Persia, Siberia, or Turkey proper. Every Kirghisian has his battle-axe hanging from his saddle, as in the days of Genghis Khan; and these so-called sultans live like the patriarchs of the Old Testament, estimating their power by their sheep, their goats, and cattle. There was a commotion as Mr Atkinson approached the *aul* of Sultan Baspashan; and the escort guided him to a large cattle enclosure, with a tall spear stuck into the ground at the door, and a long tuft of black horsehair hanging beneath its glittering head. This is an old Turkish custom, whence the dignity of a pacha of one, two, or three tails, who, since the modern reforms in the Ottoman Empire, are called *sica*, *ferik*, and *mushir*, corresponding with the ranks of major-general, lieutenant-general, and full general.

Sultan Baspashan, who welcomed Mr Atkinson, was a strong ruddy-faced man, dressed in a black velvet tunic edged with sable, and wore a deep crimson shawl round his waist. On his head was a red cloth conical cap trimmed with fox-skin, with an owl's feather hanging from the top, shewing his descent from Genghis Khan. A Bokhara carpet was spread, and two boys entered, bringing in tea and fruit. These were his two sons. Silk curtains hanging on one side covered the sleeping-place, and near this a bearcoote, or large black eagle, and falcon were

chained to their perches, every person keeping at a respectful distance from the feathered monarch. On the opposite side, kids and lambs were secured in a pen; and outside the door was a group of women, with their small black eyes fixed on the stranger. Mr Atkinson says: 'My belt and pistols formed a great attraction. The sultan wished to examine them. Having first removed the caps, I handed one to him, he turned it round in every direction, and looked down the barrels. This did not satisfy him; he wished to see them fired, and wanted to place a kid for the target, probably thinking that so short a weapon would produce no effect. Declining his kid, I tore a leaf out of my sketch-book, made a mark in the centre, and gave it to the Cossacks. He understood my intention; split the end of a stick, slipped in the edge of the paper, went out and stuck the stick in the ground some distance from the yurt. The sultan arose, and all left the dwelling. I followed him out, and went to the target. Knowing that we were among a very lawless set, I determined they should see that even these little implements were dangerous. Stepping out fifteen paces I turned round, cocked my pistol, fired, and made a hole in the paper. The sultan and his people evidently thought this a trick; he said something to his son, who instantly ran off into the yurt, and brought to his father a Chinese wooden bowl. This was placed upside down on the stick by his own hand, and when he had returned to a place near me, I sent a ball through it. The holes were examined with great care; indeed, one man placed the bowl on his head to see where the hole would be marked on his forehead. This was sufficiently significant. The people we were now among I knew to be greatly dreaded by all the surrounding tribes; in short, they are robbers, who set at naught the authority of China, and carry on their depredations with impunity. On looking round, I noticed that a set of daring fellows had been watching my movements.'

The banquet then followed. A small space in front of the sultan was left cleared, the male elders near him, and fifty men, women, and children assembled in front; the boys sat behind the men, and behind them successively, the women, girls, and dogs. After ablutions with warm water, the cooks brought in long wooden trays, piled up with heaps of boiled mutton, garnished with rice, when each man drew his knife and fell to. 'The Kirghis who sat nearest the trays selected the things he liked best, and after eating a part, handed it to the man sitting behind; when again diminished, this was passed to a third; then to the boys; and having run the gantlet of all these hands and mouths, the bone reaches the women and girls, divested of nearly every particle of food. Finally, when these poor creatures have gnawed till nothing is left on the bone, it is tossed to the dogs.'

A hunting excursion then followed in a day or two, the sultan's three hunters leading the van, followed by eagle-bearers. The eagle had shackles and a hood, and was under the charge of two men. They had not gone far when several large deer rushed past a jutting point of reeds, and bounded over the plain. In an instant, the bearcoote was unhooded and his shackles removed, when he sprang from his perch and soared up in the air. Mr Atkinson watched him ascend as he wheeled round, and was under the impression that he had not seen the animals; but in this he was mistaken. He had now risen to a considerable height, and seeming to poise himself for a minute, gave two or three flaps with his wings, and swooped off in a straight line to his prey. The deer gave a bound forward, and fell, the bearcoote having struck one talon into his neck, and the other into his back, while he tore out with his beak the animal's liver. Wild goats, wolves, and even foxes are hunted in this

way. The bearcoote is unerring in its flight, unless the quarry can escape into holes in the rocks.

We have many other lively descriptions of life in the Mongolian Steppe, and of sublime scenery in the mountainous regions. The whole territory is among the least known in the habitable globe.

We conclude with a few traits of Barnaul, which is the centre for the administration of the mines of the Altai. The governor, Tomsk, who is chosen from the mining-engineers, is at the head of this department. He resides three or four months of the year at Barnaul, and under him is the chief director of the mines, who must visit every smelting-work in the district once every year, travelling several thousand versts in a mountainous country, or descending rivers in rafts. His power is extensive, and he has a population of about 60,000 miners, peasants, and officers under his charge. It appears that convicts have not yet been sent to work in the mines of the Altai. Every summer, eight or ten young officers are sent into the mountains, each with a party; and the chief in Barnaul assigns to him the valley to be examined by his company. They start in May, with provisions of bread, sugar, tea, and brandy, their animal food being the game they kill. The officer receives a map, and then the experiments commence—the officer noting down how many *tolotniks* of gold can be obtained from the hundred poods of sand. Several places are tried, and on this the director in Barnaul decides what gold is to be worked. While one party are seeking gold in the sand, another party are seeking silver in the rocks. These operations are usually concluded by the middle of October, when they return home to Barnaul.

Barnaul is well stocked with smelting-works, chemical laboratories, public offices, and private dwellings, all connected with the mining operations; and during the winter, which is undoubtedly very severe in point of climate, balls, soirees, and concerts are given. It has also a bazaar, where European articles, fashions, French silks and bonnets, are sold, besides delicacies of the table, comprising English porter, Scotch ale, and French and Spanish wines. There is also a museum at Barnaul, comprising choice specimens of Siberian minerals, and stuffed Siberian animals, including four tigers, which came from the Kirghisian Steppe; their capture having, in two instances, proved fatal to some of the peasants engaged, who had thought to expel the intruder from their farms by pea-rifles and hay-forks. To conclude, such is Barnaul, the capital of the most productive mining district of Siberia.

THE BONSPIEL.

CAN our English readers imagine a Scottish loch or lake in the winter season after four or five days' hard frost—a beautiful white plain surrounded by white heights, and all under the stillness which allows of an ordinary sound being heard at a great distance? The existence of such circumstances in nature has given birth to an appropriate game which might be described generally as *bowls played on ice*, though with certain peculiarities, the chief being the use of flat-bottomed stones to slide, instead of bowls to roll, said stones being furnished with handles to grasp by, much in the manner of smoothing-irons.

The frost having set labour free in some degree, men assemble at the loch, and give the day to this ancient national sport, usually wakening into wild excitement and glee a scene which would otherwise wear the torpor of death. To stand on a height near by, and see the bustle going on below: to hear the

roar of the stones careering along the icy surface, and the shouts and cackinnations of the players as these knock against each other and settle in their respective destinies, is, we can assure our friends, no commonplace amusement. To be, however, an actual player—a curler—"a keen, keen curler," as the natives phrase it—is something far beyond all this; for there are joys in curling that none but curlers know. How else could it be that there are local clubs, county clubs, and a national association of clubs, binding all ranks and denominations of people together for the enjoyment of this game? How else could it be that curling has its almanacs, its annual, its literature; that, curling is a kind of second freemasonry in Scotland?

There is a kind of piquancy given to this game by the very uncertainty of the means and opportunities of playing it. The curlers watch for a hearty frost, woo it as mariners do a wind, and when it comes, 'snatch a fearful joy.' That no time may be lost in making an appointment, a flag hoisted on a hill-top sometimes informs a district of ten miles' radius that the loch will bear, and the game hold. Then are seen farmers, lairds, village tradesmen, ministers, ploughmen, and shepherds, converging to the rendezvous, all full of charming anticipation. Society is at once convulsed and cheered by the affair. No great regard is paid to common distinctions in making up the game. The laird is glad to have a clever ploughman on his side. Masters and servants often play together. The distinctions most thought of are local: the people of one estate or parish will often play against each other—or it may be county against county—in which cases the match is termed a *bonspiel*. Each man requires at the ice two curling-stones and a broom wherewith to sweep. Two marks, called *tees*, being made on the ice at the distance of thirty-eight yards, and several rings drawn round each, the players arrange themselves, perhaps four, six, or eight on a side; each with two stones to play, and each side having a director or chief called a *skip*. The space of ice between the *tees* is called the *rink*. The object of course, for each side, is to have as many of its stones as possible in positions as near to the *tee* as may be. When a stone fails to reach a certain limit, called the *hog-score*, it is laid aside. On any one, therefore, appearing likely to be laggard, all the players on that side busy themselves in sweeping the way before it. 'Sooop, soop!' becomes a great cry among the curlers. An English stranger once remarked that he heard them always crying for soup, but no soup ever came; much, no doubt, to his disappointment. When one side counts thirteen, twenty-one, or thirty-one, as may be, before the other, it has gained the victory.

There was lately a *bonspiel* in a well-known district of the southern Highlands of Scotland, and a characteristic account of it having been obligingly sent to us by one of the players, we hasten to insert it, as perhaps the best means of conveying an idea of this national game. The original language is so appropriate that, notwithstanding its being possibly obscure to some readers, we have left it almost unchanged.

'You remember,' says our correspondent, 'that I promised to send you something of our *bonspiel* with the Mitchell-hill lads, whenever it should be played. Well, it was a bad winter for frost: not aboon two or three days of it till Candlemas; but at last we got

a hard one for about a week, and a' was right. So, one afternoon, two of the Mitchell-hill lads came to us at Blendewan, and asked if we had any objections to meet them next day, providing the frost held. They said they had been at the laird's, and that he was willing to come out, and bring a guest of his—Sir Alexander Gordon—along with him; that the herds of Stanhope and Eildon were to be there; and that Wully Wilson, the wright, and Andrew Blair, the smith, were both keen to give us our revenge for last year's drubbing. So I mentioned that if I could get our side made up in time, we would meet them on the ice by ten o'clock next morning. The two lads were rather crouse about the match, and said they hoped we would not let them win so easy a victory this year as last. I said nothing; but, thinks I, wait a wee, my lads, and we'll see who will crawl the loudest the morn. So away went Johnny Armstrong and Peter Blackstocks back to tell the laird and the rest o' their folk that we would meet them, on the understanding that if anything happened to interfere, I was to send them a line not to come.

'Well, Mr Editor, I ken ye like particulars; so ye see I threw my work bye, put on my cap, and went through the village, speering at the folk if they would be ready to come forrit next morning; and I must add that I was very fortunate too: but who could refuse the chance o' playing a *bonspiel* for the honour o' Blendewan! I soon got the minister to promise, and the precentor too (Jamie Forgrieve, the miller, could not be spared from home); Adam Prentice, the old herd, said he would be our man; Sandy Grieve, the tailor, swithered a wee, but promised at last; so there was five, and we wanted other three—but these I kent where to find. I gnaed the length o' the Fairy Knowe, and secured Mr Thompson—a keen hand—and a boarder of his, who was learning farming—another keen hand, and a great wag; and I made up the number with Isaac Melrose, the cadger. Isaac's horse was not sharpt for the frost, and was sair fatigued forbye; so the carrier was glad of the opportunity o' joining us against the Mitchell-hill curlers.

'It was late before I got our side made up, and my wife was beginning to give me up for lost. But ye'll mind Nancy, sir, and ye ken she's no ill to temper down! Well, everything was settled, and I sent two lads to the pond early in the morning, to sweep it clean and make the rink; and just as I was getting my stones ready, the laird and Sir Alexander drove up to my door. I went out and gave them time o' day, and the laird speered at me if we were prepared, as the players on his side were just coming down the road in a cart. I told him we were all ready, and that our chaps had gone down to the pond with the minister a few minutes before. Wi' this, up drove the Mitchell-hill cart with the six rival players; but when they saw the laird and Sir Alexander cracking with me, they never halted, but drove straight on. The laird got me in his dog-cart, and gave me a lift down; and when we got to the ice, his servant drove the gig back to the nearest farmhouse, where the beast was put up.

"Well, Frank," says the laird, "what sort of trim are you in?"

"Oh, sir," says I, "I'm thinking I'm in kind o' guid trim."

"That's right, Frank. See and don't let us run away with the match, as we did last year."

"Well, I think, sir, it will tak a' your pouter to master us this time."

"Think so, Frank? Why, here's Sir Alexander Gordon on our side, and he's one of the best curlers in the country."

"That may be, sir, but he'll maybe find his match in the cadger."

'In the meantime the minister and two gentlemen were holding a preamble about which side was to be the winner, and I must say the gentry were just as keen as us chaps. But you will better understand how the match was made up if I give you the players' names on each side, in the order of their playing:

<i>Our Side—Blendewan.</i>	<i>Their Side—Mitchell-hill.</i>
1. Rev. Mr Montgomery.	1. Wully Dalgleish, the Stanhope herd.
2. Adam Prentice, the auld herd.	2. Tam Anderson, the Eldon herd.
3. John Donaldson, the pre-centor.	3. Wully Wilson, the wright.
4. Sandy Grieve, the tailor.	4. Andrew Blair, the smith.
5. Mr Thompson o' the Fairy Knowe.	5. Johnny Armstrong, the laird's overseer.
6. Mr Robert Sibbald, his boarder.	6. Mr Dalrymple, the laird.
7. Isaac Melrose, the cadger.	7. Sir A. Gordon, a guest at the Ha'.
8. Myself, Francis Baldwin, souter (skip).	8. Peter Blackstocks, the laird's forester (skip).

'Well, sir, in about a quarter of an hour the rink was ready, the stones lying a' thegither about the brugh (the brugh, ye'll remember, is the ring round the tee), and every man had his besom in his hand. Just to try the keenness o' the ice, we sent our stones to the other end—of course not counting. Sir Alexander, I must admit, laid on his stones well, and, faith, I began to think he was like to be fashious a wee, from his easy style and curler-like appearance. In driving his two trial-shots, the laird asked him to tak the wick—which means to strike the stone on the side, and glance off at an angle—o' one o' Tam Anderson's stones; which, faith, he managed; and his second one he drew to the laird's besom, and lay. I saw our chaps looking rather queer when they saw the shots played, but I counselled them never to mind that, for he couldna aye play the same.

"Now, Frank," says the laird, when I was about to play my trial-stones down the rink, "here's a chance for you; raise that stone."

'I played a fine shot; but being out o' practice, I couldna be expected to do very well at first, so, instead o' raising (which, as you know, means just striking it fair—your own stone lying) the stone at the laird's besom, I missed it, and took an outwink on another stone, which sent it close to the tee. Though the laird nickered and laughed at my miss, he waana sae ready to laugh a while afterwards.

'For the first two or three hours, the spirit of the game was never very high; both sides played tolerably well, but without that roaring fun which I have known to accompany every "end" at curling-matches like ours; in fact, the company was beginning to get a thought dull, though the scoring was even enough to have excited more enthusiasm between rival parties, when a halt was called, the besoms flung down, and half an hour was allowed for bread and cheese. There was a good deal of sport going on while we sat on the banks of the pond, all mixed throughhither; the laird and the cadger were holding a confab about something I couldna hear, and Sir Alexander and auld Adam Prentice were smoking their pipes thegither as crouse as ye like.

"Now, Frank," says the laird, "we'll have a dram together. I know that's what you want."

"Weel, laird, may be if we had had one sooner, we might have shewn you more sport; but better late than never, if it's your pleasure!"

'So we all got a dram—a guid ane too, which I must say improved the spirits of the company most

wonderful, and then we commenced to curl in earnest. It was but child's play before: we begood to play like men now.

'I will not take up your time by alluding to the various outs and ins of the game either before the mid-day halt, or up till nearly the finish; but I will go on to relate how we gained the bonspiel after as tough a contest as the Mitchell-hill players would ever wish to have.

'At 3 o'clock, p.m. the game stood thus: Mitchell-hill, 24; Blendewan, 29—the latter wanting but two to be game.

'The closing shots were lost and won thus: Mr Thompson o' the Fairy Knowe played uncommonly well, and his boarder chield not amiss; and Johnny Armstrong, the forester, and Wully Wilson, the wright were bye-ordinar guid. Wully played his first stone a perfect pat-lid on the tee, and with his second guarded it within two feet. The first remained a pat-lid till the end was played out, though his guard was chippit frae its place. They were unco near getting other two forbye this one, and indeed they were three shots in, till my last stone invincked from one and curled in second. They were now twenty-five to our twenty-nine.

"We're gradually making up on you, Frank," the laird quietly observed. "You'll have to play your best, or we'll be upside with you yet."

"That'll be seen next end, Maister Dalrymple, or I'm cheated."

'And the next end began by Wully Dalgleish, the Stanhope herd, making a hog. "That's one off the ice, at any rate, says I to our side; and you'll see more o' that kind before the end's played out, for the ice is beginning to be dour. Now, lads," says I, "this end must decide it; there's nae use in hinging on or saying any mair about it: we want but two; the minister's to be first shot this time, and, faith, I'll be second myself."

'And up comes the worthy minister's stone, fine howe-ice—that's straight along the centre o' the rink, as you know, sir—and lies within three feet o' the tee. The herd's second stone was better than the first, and lay a goodish side-shot. They were on their metal, and playing their very best; sometimes putting in plenty o' pouter when it was needed, and whiles playing gently for a draw when it was needed. Three hogs had been already played through over-caution. Adam Prentice shewed that he was still the auld man, and a swankin' player into the bargain. The tailor and precentor did their best, which, however, was by no means bye-ordinar; but Mr Thompson and his boarder proved themselves curlers o' the richt sort, and played every shot in grand style. On the other side, the players were just as good—not a hair to judge by, and each man following the skip's direction terrible weel. Well, sir, the stones were lying well about the brugh, and they were two shots in. It was Sir Alexander's turn to play, and fortunately for us, he unintentionally opened up a port—which you know means a clear passage between stones—the very thing they should have avoided, but just what we wanted; and then the cadger stood ready to play.

"Now, Isaac," says I, "ye ken as weel as I, what to play for. The port is open, and they are two shots in."

'The cadger's stone is delivered, and, for a wonder, he misses the port; however, "She's coming forrit well enough, lads," says I; "soop her up, soop her up, so-op her weel—there now—come: that's as good as the port yet. You've positively brought one of the minister's stones in for shot." And great was the consternation on their side at this unlooked-for turn in our favour. However, Peter the skip told them not to mind that, for the port was still open for Sir Alexander's second and last stone. And to that

gentleman's praise I will say, he took the port in first-rate style; and had he given his stone a little less poulder, he would have retrieved: but his stone curled away to the other side o' the brugh, and lay outside.

"Isaac, man, I want you to close that port—draw to my besom; and if you do touch any of the stones, break an egg, and no more, for they're both against us."

"Put your bannet on the ice, where ye want me to lie, Frank."

"I'll do that, my man: there's the verra bit." And by one of the cadger's best strokes, the port was filled.

"It was now Peter Blackstock's turn to play, so the laird acted skip for him.

"Peter, if you'll take an inwick on this stone at my besom, I'll make your wife a present of a new gown."

"I saw the stroke fine, for I ettled [intended] to play it myself when my turn came; and says I to myself: 'Oh for a miss from Peter, though it should lose a gown to the wife!' Peter's hand was trembling with anxiety, and he fairly bungled the stroke altogether.

"Od, laird," says I, "ye shouldna have spoken about the gown till after the stroke was played, for you've fairly dumfounded the forester's nerves!"

"Now, Frank," says the cadger, "I wasna feered for anything the forester could do, for I kent it wasna one o' his kind; but that's not to say I'm frightened for you. Try for the verra same stone; and if ye tak the wick at my besom, we're game."

"Stand awa' from the stone, Isaac, my man. I ken what's wanted: here goes." And up comes the stone. "I believe she has it—no—yes, she has it. Dinna soap, callants—she's there, she's there, she's THERE!"

"Frank, you're a gentleman (the first time I was ever called that before, Mr Editor), and no mistake!"

"A kind of unnatural calmness now spread over the laird's countenance; and after the bursts of enthusiasm had subsided on our side, a perfect silence reigned over the rink, for on the forester's last stone depended all their hopes of cutting us out yet; twenty-nine before, we were now thirty-one, or game, unless the forester's last stone should render his side a service by knocking out one, or maybe both, of ours. In a calm, clear voice, the worthy laird informed Peter what he, poor chap, already knew too well—namely, how the game stood.

"There's but one chance left, Peter—a forlorn hope, and it's do or die. Come up the ice all your force, and take that stone" (pointing to one of ours at some distance in front of the tee).

"The forester eyes with an air of determination the group of close-set stones that close up every road to the tee; he sets himself firmly in his crampets, to the precise posture requisite for a dashing stroke; his stone steadies for an instant in the air behind him, and away it careers with tremendous force.

"Splendid!" cries the laird, the only word he has time to say. "Mind your feet," cries Sir Alexander Gordon, as half-a-dozen stones are sent scattering in all directions. But to no purpose; for though the minister's stone was slightly touched, it still remained first shot, and mine second. "Game—game—GAME!" and up went our bonnets fleein' in the air.

"Give us your hand, Maister Montgomery," says I, "for you and me's played unco weel; and the worthy pastor and I shaken hands up to the shoulders.

"But you must be tired o' me by this time, Mr Editor; so I will only add that the laird had us all up at the Ha', where we had plenty o' everything, not forgetting beef and greens, and plenty of good ale to synd it over. I'll maybe write another account if we are spared to see another year; and in the meantime,

if you will be good enough to send us a few copies o' the Journal, for the chaps to see their names in, you will oblige your old friend—the SKIP."

THE CITY OF MEN.

HOLINGSHEAD, in his *History of Mancuniansis*, repeats a prophecy well known to all northern antiquaries:

When all England is aloft,
Weel ar they that are in Christ's Croft;
And where should Christ's Croft be,
But between Ribble and Mersey?

And however learnedly Camden may dispute the etymology which derives the name of Manchester from the English tongue, instead of referring it to a purely British origin, the former will still find favour in our eyes, since, as he tells us, its good people call the city Manchester because it is a 'city of men!' And they are right, those good people; that is a conclusion I have come to from a recent close, however brief, inspection of themselves; and I give my vote accordingly for the English etymology.

If ever a place could apply to itself the account Black Topsy gave of her origin, it would surely be this great capital of the north of England: for when one sees its most important streets, with scarcely two houses together of uniform appearance, and with commerce sitting enthroned at one end to dispense millions of wealth, while at the other the huckster hawks his petty wares from a stall; its princely edifices hustled by mean low-browed shops; its warehouses of palatial vastness and decoration, side by side with factories that are mere brick boxes; and its long, long rows of poor streets, bare, plain, and monotonous as the calico which the inhabitants have spent their lives in producing: he is by no means inclined to question the Topayan surmise—'pects I growed.' Yes, we have here the America of England, not certainly in the shape of a Philadelphia or a Washington, no deliberate brick fulfilment of a paper plan, but a heap of spontaneously formed Smithvilles and Jonesvilles, that have risen up impulsively just when, and where, and how the need of the moment required, each capitalist centre having apparently given birth to its own surrounding accretion, and all together forming an inartistical and unattractive whole.

It is a disappointment, too, to see the coal-born haze ever shutting out heaven's sunshine, and sprinkling all things with its dismal flakes, while the very mud, soot-tempered, seems muddier than even the renowned compound of London. It is a disappointment, because not very long since we were told that these grim furnaces were to be endowed with the saturnian power of devouring everything they generated; and the City of the Thames was admonished to look to the City of Men, and profit by the example. But now while roses even have learned to bloom in the purified Temple atmosphere, smoke, checked but for a time in Manchester, again rears its head, and flings out its serpent-wreaths from nearly every stalk.

There is something repulsive in shops of inferior dimensions, and generally shabby appearance, announcing their ownership and wares in colossal inscriptions, letters three or four feet high, while the legends of vast warehouses and factories, in the modesty of conscious worth, lurk upon door-posts, or peep in smallest type from beneath some deep-arched portal. Yet Manchester streets may be irregular, and its trading inscriptions pretentious, its smoke may be dense, and its mud may be ultra-muddy; but not any nor all of these things can prevent the image of the great city from rising before us as the very symbol of civilisation, foremost in the march of improvement, a grand incarnation of progress. That commerce has

had no unduly materialising influence upon those engaged in it here, that vast building at Old Trafford which rose at their bidding, and whose glorious contents were collected under their auspices, presents sufficient proof; but there is no lack of minor evidence. 'When any of these great cotton-lords gives me a commission for a picture,' observed an artist, a Londoner by birth, but now resident in Manchester, 'they always speak and seem to feel as if it were they who were the obliged party.' There is nothing among them of the too common vulgarity of the petty tradesman, none of that demand for a servile gratitude so often one of the trials most galling to genius. Again, in the rooms of the Royal Institution hangs a picture of an old French abbé, equally attractive on the grounds of its merit and its history. It is the work of a French lady who devotes all the produce of her art to purposes of benevolence, and was originally sent here to an exhibition by native and foreign artists. A gentleman delivering a lecture on this exhibition, commented on the extraordinary excellence displayed in the picture, and regretted, as it was still unsold, that it should be allowed to leave the country. He had no sooner ceased than the appeal was responded to; the picture was at once purchased, and at rather a high price, by one of his hearers, who then observed that he thought he could not do better than present it to the Institution with which they were connected; and, accordingly, there it hangs at this moment on the walls of that noble building. Nor is this spirit confined to the upper classes. On the recent exhibition of the competition-works of students in the schools of art, it was truly gratifying to see what flocks of rough-looking, ill-dressed people crowded in the evening to the rooms, and to observe with what attention they examined the various merits of even chalk-shadings and pencil-outlines; and people like these are hardly to be suspected of affecting an interest they do not feel.

Much has been said—perhaps too much—about the humanising influence of art; but, simultaneously with the fine feeling we have alluded to, the men of the City of Men are unquestionably more than usually devoted to the small amenities of life. An illustration of this may be met with in every street in the polite and painstaking anxiety of the passers-by to direct a stranger on his way. The minute directions, patiently repeated when not understood, will even sometimes be followed up by a long walk *out of the way*, in order to make sure that the road shall not be mistaken; and no touched hat and appealing look at the end of the journey imply that 'your honour's health' was the expected conclusion. The general intelligence, also, of the lower classes is remarkable. A boy in a warehouse, a lad from the factory, will not only readily reply to any inquiries as to the processes going on in his own department, but will shew himself equally conversant with the general details of the business, and in respect to the materials employed, the amount of trade, and the average of wages. Returning once from an excursion to inspect a mill a short distance from Manchester, I happened to remark to one of my companions that a medical friend of mine had been deploring the prevalence of female labour in the factories, on the ground that the feminine character was exclusively adapted for domestic seclusion, and invariably deteriorated in congregations even of her own sex, when a clear though somewhat feeble voice behind begged to be permitted to make a remark upon the subject. I was then in a third-class carriage, for the very purpose of studying the character of the masses, and I turned quickly, and saw the pale thin face and sightless eyes of a man about thirty, neatly but very meanly clad, and evidently of the lower rank.

'You are speaking,' said he, 'of the way the female character is injured in factories: the causes may be

easily traced. The children are the chief workers in a family here; they are regarded according to what their labour will fetch, and as soon as they are old enough, are sent forth to earn. The money-power must always be the ruling power: the parents, therefore, who are often idle, are subordinated to the children, on whose wages they mainly depend; parental authority is overthrown; the harmony of family-life broken up; and the female character of course injured in proportion.'

This was at least the substance of the speech, though it gives but an imperfect idea of the clearness of his argument, or the felicitous language which conveyed it. Our pleased surprise was not lessened when an individual, of equally humble appearance, in another compartment, made some remarks on the comparative characters of the factory-worker and agricultural labourer, and in words more homely than those of the blind speaker, but not less fluent, maintained his view of the question. The subject veering round to the physical differences in different ranks, led to a discovery of his occupation, for on my mentioning having heard that hatters kept assorted sizes of hats for the various classes of society—gentlemen, servants, mechanics, &c.—and that the gentlemen's were usually the largest, he observed that at least the gentlemen's servants were invariably the smallest; adding—'And my opinion may be received as something worth on this subject, for I am a hatter.'

And how is this general intelligence and cultivation to be explained? One cause of the advance, though not of the tendency, may be easily traced. When the question of the free-library system was first discussed, Manchester was one of the first towns to demand the institution; and amid long mean streets, well fitted to supply its readers, stands one of the noblest efforts made in the cause of human culture, the Camp Field Free Library. Here a large and handsome ground-floor hall is filled with desks and tables devoted to periodical literature; and the poorest wanderer may drop in and acquaint himself with the chief events and great discussions of the day. Here, if it be washing-day at home, and the wet linen still hangs in the one room, or the workman is weary with his labour, and his children are ill or noisy, what a resource is within his reach when he can repair to this lofty, well-lit room, with its comfortable seats and unailing stores of amusement! Here, too, is a circulating library for home-reading, available on presenting a recommendation; while a staircase, profusely adorned with excellent engravings, leads to a large room containing a library of reference, the valuable books of which can be perused only within the room, but are freely handed to any applicant without question or introduction.

But, in addition to the kind of intelligence alluded to, there is a certain completeness in the mind of Manchester, which recognises the mutual dependence of the physical and intellectual nature. Here, for instance, public baths and wash-houses were founded some time before they made their way to London. Even swimming-baths for females have begun to make some progress, at least in principle: at Peel Park, the Gymnasium affords not only to sedentary men and boy-workers an opportunity of healthful exercise, but a secluded portion of the grounds is set apart for girls, to allow them also some small chance of proper muscular development. Might not the authorities of the London Parks take a hint from this great charity, and so enable many a poor girl who sits all day working bugles or quilling blond, or making artificial flowers, to enjoy the means of obtaining stronger limbs and a straighter spine?

Leaving Peel Park, the eye is caught by an announcement at its gates concerning a school in connection with the Salford Institute; and here again a striking fact presents itself. Not only is general

education offered at a very moderate rate, but there are also special classes for instruction in various arts; and among these one, at five shillings a quarter, a class for dress-making. Now, any one who has kept servants can hardly have failed to remark, how important an influence the being able to make a dress for herself, has upon the female domestic—how much neater an appearance she can maintain—how much better able she is to restrict her expenditure to something less than her earnings—and how, besides, as an interesting occupation for her leisure hours, it tends to prevent their being wasted, as is too often the case, on a debasing literature, if it be lawful to give it the name. And the visitor of the poor sees, still more strikingly, the vast difference this knowledge makes in a poor man's home, when his wife is 'handy at her needle,' and out of one old gown can make two new frocks.

As another educational effort pointed out by social science, one mill-proprietor mentioned, that as soon as the buildings for the purpose were completed, he intended to open a school for teaching cookery to girls. This, it is true, has been done in London; but the idea was not born there, for local history informs us, that as long ago as 1720, 'in order to perfect young ladies in what was then thought a necessary part of their education, a pastry-school was set up in Manchester, which was frequented not only by the daughters of the towns-people, but those of the neighbouring gentlemen.' It were well that young ladies in the present century should not deem it a vulgarity to learn to make a digestible pie-crust; but the principle which makes the economical preparation of food a part of a factory-girl's education, is even more important. And considering the fact, that towards the recently completed chapel in connection with these intended schools, the 'hands' of this one factory, in number about 1000, contributed no less a sum than £300, it need hardly be feared that they will not appreciate any educational advantages.

But social science applies itself not merely to the claims of poverty, it is her part also to see that those who have money to spend shall have their penny's worth for their penny. The Manchester omnibus may be instanced, which provides for its general three-penny fare a lofty, well-ventilated vehicle, with fair room for the lower extremities of all.

It has been admitted that the city's appearance is not very prepossessing; and if this be the case by day, it certainly gains little by night. But all honour to this nocturnal dimness, for it is due to the early closing: and so well is this movement carried out, that a great number of the shops are shut as early as seven; and very few are open after eight. When to this daily margin, reclaimed from the labour-tide, the Saturday half-holiday, now so general here, is added, we may conceive how vast a stock of leisure is gained for all classes, to afford room for social improvement and social happiness.

But it may not be amiss to advert to some of the more latent causes that have led to the advancement of this interesting city. McCulloch, speaking of England at large, says, that 'to excel in machine-making is to excel in what is certainly the most important branch of manufacturing industry. Superiority in any single branch, except this, may exist simultaneously with great inferiority in others; but eminence in the manufacture of machinery is almost sure to lead to eminence in every other department.' We may suppose, then, that the amount of intellect required for the perfecting of the processes here carried on, cannot all be expended on this primary object; and thus a surplus is left to be devoted to other kinds of improvement.

In regard to the handiwork itself, Mr Stevenson, in the article on 'English Statistics,' in the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, lays much stress on the practice, almost

universal in factories, of piece-work payment, as giving the workmen an interest in industry, and an inducement to execute the greatest amount of work in the least space of time; such an influence even reacting upon day-labourers by rousing their emulation, and inducing them, in order to avoid invidious comparisons, to make exertions unknown in other countries.

Dr Ure, again, in his *Philosophy of Manufactures*, thus comments on the kind of employment here chiefly followed: 'Occupations which are assisted by steam-engines, require for the most part a higher, or at least a steadier species of labour, than those which are not; the exercise of the mind being then partially substituted for that of the muscles constituting skilled labour;' and this, as he adds, is always paid more highly than unskilled. He also observes, that 'of all the common prejudices with regard to factory-labour, there is none more unfounded than that which ascribes to it excessive tedium and irksomeness above other occupations, owing to its being carried on in conjunction with the unceasing motion of the steam-engine. In an establishment for spinning or weaving cotton, all the hard work is performed by the steam-engine, which leaves for the attendants no hard labour at all, and literally nothing to do in general, but at intervals to perform some delicate operation, such as joining the threads, &c.' His remarks apply especially to the children, of whom three-fourths of the number employed are engaged in piecing; at which he computes that a child working even twelve hours a day, and attending two mules, would yet have six hours of inaction, occurring at periods of three-quarters of a minute or more at a time, and mentions that 'spinners sometimes dedicate these intervals to the perusal of books.' This, one would suppose, can scarcely be generally or easily done, but at least such snatches of leisure occurring so largely and regularly, must afford favourable opportunities for cultivating the reflective faculties; and that they are thus made use of, seems to be proved by the general intelligence which prevails.

While, then, this wondrous city, this giant of the English north, is thus advancing with seven-leagued strides in the path of progress, let no mere adventitious circumstances cause it to be viewed unfavourably; let no unworthy jealousy prevent the full recognition of that foremost position it is pressing forward to. That it is a powerful rival in the race, even compared with the proud metropolis, must be admitted when we consider all it has done and is doing for social amelioration and national prosperity; its devotion at once to commerce and industry, to science and art; its fostering of kindly feeling and cultivation of intellect; its attention to the requirements of those who can afford to purchase comfort, and the wants of those who have nothing to pay; its provision for every bodily demand, and every mental and moral need. Herein, indeed, in this universality of genius which cares for everything, and overlooks or neglects nothing, lies the great secret of its success. One of the most eminent inhabitants of the city, accompanying a party in the inspection of one of its great establishments, introduced them to the steam-engine which keeps in motion all the machinery on the premises, with the exclamation: 'Here is the real Manchester Man!' It may at least symbolise him. Making its energy felt throughout every part, its influence as active in the remotest corner as in its immediate neighbourhood; not putting forth its efforts in one mode of operation only, but doing whatever is to be done, lifting or pressing in one place, rolling or stamping in another, taking in here, sending out there, just as need may require; and with no capricious intermittent exertion, but in steady, unwearied diligence moving all, regulating all, the tiniest pin not eluding its grasp, the hugest wheel not beyond its capacity; this mighty worker is indeed

no inapt image of those who evoke its powers, and who, not only by using its services, but by imitating its action, have obtained the present high place, and the prospect of a yet loftier future, for the City of Men.

OCEOLA:

A ROMANCE.

CHAPTER LV.—THE VOLUNTEERS.

My sister kept her word. I saw no more of her for that day, nor until noon of the next. Then she came forth from her chamber in full riding costume, ordered White Fox to be saddled, and, mounting, rode off alone.

I felt that I had no power over this capricious spirit. It was idle to attempt controlling it. She was beyond the dictation of fraternal authority—her own mistress—and evidently determined upon having her will and her way.

After the conversation of yesterday, I felt no inclination to interfere again. She was acquainted with my secret; and knowing this, any counsel from me would come with an ill grace, and be as ill received. I resolved, therefore, to withhold it, till some crisis should arrive that would render it more impressive.

For several days this coolness continued between us—at which my mother often wondered, but of which she received no explanation. Indeed, I fancied that even her affection towards me was not so tender as it used to be. Perhaps I was wronging her. She was a little angry with me about the duel with Ringgold, the first intelligence of which had gravely affected her. On my return I had received her reproaches, for it was believed that I alone was to blame in bringing the affair about. 'Why had I acted so rudely towards Arens Ringgold? And all about nothing? A trumpety Indian belle? What mattered it to me what may have been said about the girl? Likely what was said was nothing more than the truth. I should have behaved with more prudence.'

I perceived that my mother had been informed upon most of the material points connected with the affair. Of one, however, she was ignorant: she knew not who the 'trumpety Indian belle' was—she had not heard the name of Maimee. Knowing her to be ignorant of this, I listened with more calmness to the aspersive remarks.

For all that, I was somewhat excited by her reproaches, and several times upon the point of declaring to her the true cause why I had called Ringgold to an account. For certain reasons I forbore. My mother would not have believed me.

As for Ringgold himself, I ascertained that a great change in his fortunes had lately taken place. His father was dead—had died in a fit of passion, whilst in the act of chastising one of his slaves. A blood-vessel had burst, and he had fallen, as if by a judgment of God.

Arens, the only son, was now master of his vast, ill-gotten wealth—a plantation with some three hundred slaves upon it; and it was said that this had only made him more avaricious than ever.

His aim was—as it had been that of the older Ringgold—to become owner of everybody and everything around him—a grand money-despot. The son was a fit successor to the father.

He had played the invalid for a while—carrying his arm in a sling—and, as people said, not a little vain of having been engaged in a duel. Those who understood how that affair had terminated, thought he had little reason to be proud of it.

It seemed the hostility between him and myself had brought about no change in his relations with our family. I learned that he had been a constant

visitor at the house; and the world still believed him the accepted suitor of Virginia. Moreover, since his late accession to wealth and power, he had grown more than ever a favourite with my ambitious mother. I learned all this with regret.

The old home appeared to have undergone a change. There was not the same warmth of affection as of yore. I missed my kind, noble father. My mother at times appeared cold and distant, as if she believed me undutiful. My uncle was her brother, and like her in everything; even my fond sister seemed for the moment estranged.

I began to feel as a stranger in my own house, and, feeling so, stayed but little at home. Most of the day was I abroad, with Gallagher as my companion. Of course, my friend remained our guest during our stay on the Suwanee.

Our time was occupied, partly with the duties upon which we had been commanded, and partly in following the amusement of the chase. Of deer-hunting and fox-running we had an abundance; but I did not enjoy it as formerly; neither did my companion—ardent sportsman though he was—seem to take the delight in it which he had anticipated.

Our military duties were by no means of an arduous nature, and were usually over before noon. Our orders had been, not so much to recruit volunteers as to superintend the organisation of those already raised; and 'muster them into service.' A corps had already advanced some length towards formation, having elected its own officers, and enrolled most of its rank and file. Our part was to inspect, instruct, and govern them.

The little church, near the centre of the settlement, was the head-quarters of the corps; and there the drill was daily carried on.

The men were mostly of the poorer class of white settlers—small renting planters—and squatters who dwelt along the swamp-edges, and who managed to eke out a precarious subsistence partly by the use of their axes, and partly from the product of their rifles. The old hunter Hickman was among the number; and what did not much surprise me, I found the worthies Spence and Williams enrolled in the corps. Upon these scamps I was determined to keep a watchful eye, and hold them at a wary distance.

Many of the privates were men of a higher class—for the common danger had called all kinds into the field.

The officers were usually planters of wealth and influence; though there were some who, from the democratic influence of elections, were but ill qualified to wear epaulettes.

Many of these gentlemen bore far higher official titles than either Gallagher or myself. Colonels and majors appeared to be almost as numerous as privates. But for all this, they did not demur to our exercising authority over them. In actual war-time, it is not uncommon for a lieutenant of the 'line,' or the lowest subaltern of the regular army, to be placed in command of a full colonel of militia or volunteers!

Here and there was an odd character, who perhaps, in earlier life, had 'broken down' at West Point, or had gone through a month of campaigning service in the Creek wars under 'Old Hickory.' These, fancying themselves *au fait* in the military art, were not so pleasant to deal with; and at times it required all Gallagher's determined firmness to convince them that he was commander-in-chief upon the Suwanee.

My friend's reputation as a 'fire-eater' which had preceded him, had as much weight in confirming his authority as the commission which he brought with him from 'head-quarters.'

Upon the whole, we got along smoothly enough with these gentlemen—most of whom seemed desirous of learning their duty, and submitted to our instructions with cheerfulness.

There was no lack of champagne, brandy, and cigars. The neighbouring planters were hospitable; and had my friend or myself been inclined towards dissipation, we could not have been established in better quarters for indulging the propensity.

To this, however, neither of us gave way; and our moderation no doubt caused us to be held in higher esteem, even among the hard drinkers by whom we were surrounded.

Our new life was by no means disagreeable; and but for the unpleasantness that had arisen at home, I could have felt for the time contented and happy.

At home—at home—there was the canker: it appeared no longer a home.

CHAPTER LVI.

MYSTERIOUS CHANGES.

Not many days had elapsed before I observed a sudden change in the conduct of Gallagher; not towards myself, or my mother, but in his manner towards Virginia.

It was the day after I had held the conversation with her, that I first noticed this. I noticed at the same time that her manner towards him was equally altered.

The somewhat frosty politeness that had hitherto been observed between them, appeared to have suddenly thawed, and their old genial friendship to become re-established on its former footing.

They now played, and sang, and laughed together, and read, and chattered nonsense, as they had been used to do in times past.

'Ah!' thought I, 'it is easy for him to forget; he is but a friend, and, of course, cannot have the feelings of a brother. Little matters it to him what may be her secret relations, or with whom. What need he care about her improprieties? She is good company, and her winning way has beguiled him from dwelling upon that suspicion, which he must have entertained as well as myself. He has either forgotten, forgiven, or else found some explanation of her conduct that seems to satisfy him. At all events, I appear to have lost his sympathy, while she has regained his confidence and friendship.'

I was at first astonished at this new phase in the relations of our family circle—afterwards puzzled by it.

I was too proud and piqued to ask Gallagher for an explanation; and, as he did not volunteer to give one, I was compelled to abide in ignorance.

I perceived that my mother also regarded this altered behaviour with surprise, and also with a feeling of a somewhat different kind—suspicion.

I could guess the reason of this. She fancied that they were growing too fond of each other—that, notwithstanding he had no fortune but his pay-roll, Virginia might fancy the dashing soldier for a husband.

Of course my mother, having already formed designs as to the disposal of her daughter, could not calmly contemplate such a destiny as this. It was natural enough, then, she should look with a jealous eye upon the gay confidence that had been established between them.

I should have been glad if I could have shared my mother's suspicions; happy if my sister had but fixed her affections there. My friend would have been welcome to call me brother. Fortuneless though he might be, I should have made no opposition to that alliance.

But it never entered my thoughts that there was aught between the two but the old rollicking friendship; and love acts not in that style. So far as Captain Gallagher was concerned, I could have given my mother assurance that would have quieted her fears.

And yet to a stranger they might have appeared as lovers—almost to any one except myself. They were together half the day and half the night: they rode together into the woods, and were sometimes absent for hours at a time. I perceived that my comrade began to care little for my company, and daily less. Stranger still, the chase no longer delighted him! As for duty, this he sadly neglected, and had not the 'lieutenant' been on the ground, I fear the 'corps' would have stood little chance of instruction.

As days passed on, I fancied that Gallagher began to relapse into a more sober method. He certainly seemed more thoughtful. This was when my sister was out of sight. It was not the air he had worn after our arrival—but very different.

It certainly resembled the bearing of a man in love. He would start on hearing my sister's voice from without—his ear was quick to catch every word from her, and his eyes expressed delight whenever she came into the room. Once or twice, I saw him gazing at her with an expression upon his countenance that betokened more than friendship.

My old suspicions began to return to me. After all, he *might* be in love with Virginia?

Certainly, she was fair enough to impress the heart even of this adamant soldier. Gallagher was no lady's man—had never been known to seek conquests over the sex—in fact, felt some awkwardness in their company. My sister seemed the only one before whom he could converse with fluency or freedom.

Notwithstanding, and after all, he *might* be in love?

I should have been pleased to know it, could I only have insured him a reciprocity of his passion; but alas! that was not in my power.

I wondered whether *she* ever thought of him as a lover; but no—she could not—not if she was thinking of—

And yet her behaviour towards him was at times of such a character, that a stranger to her eccentricities would have fancied she loved him. Even I was mystified by her actions. She either had some feeling for him, beyond that of mere friendship, or made show of it. If he loved her, and she knew it, then her conduct was cruel in the extreme.

I indulged in such speculations, though only when I could not restrain myself from dwelling upon them. They were unpleasant; at times even painful.

I lived in a maze of doubt, puzzled and perplexed at what was passing around me; but at this time there turned up a new chapter in our family history, that, in point of mystery, eclipsed all the others. A piece of information reached me, that, if true, must sweep all these new-sprung theories out of my mind.

I learned that my sister was *in love with Arens Ringgold*—in other words, that she was 'listening to his addresses!'

CHAPTER LVII.

MY INFORMANT.

This I had upon the authority of my faithful servant, Black Jake. Upon almost any other testimony, I should have been incredulous; but his was unimpeachable. Negro as he was, his perceptions were keen enough; while his earnestness proved that he believed what he said. He had reasons, and gave them.

I received the strange intelligence in this wise:

I was seated by the bathing-pond, alone, busied with a book, when I heard Jake's familiar voice pronouncing my name: 'Massr George.'

'Well, Jake?' I responded, without withdrawing my eyes from the page.

'Ise wanted all da mornin' to git you 'lone by yarsel; Ise want to hab a leetle bit ob a convassayshun, Massr George.'

The solemn tone, so unusual in the voice of Jake,

awoke my attention. Mechanically closing the book, I looked up in his face: it was solemn as his speech.

'A conversation with me, Jake?'

'Ye, massr—dat am if you isn't ingage?'

'Oh, by no means, Jake. Go on: let me hear what you have to say.'

'Poor fellow!' thought I—'he has his sorrows too. Some complaint about Viola. The wicked coquette is torturing him with jealousy; but what can I do? I cannot make her love him—no. "One man may lend a horse to the water, but forty can't make him drink." No; the little jade will act as she pleases, in spite of any remonstrance on my part. Well, Jake?'

'Wa, Massr George, I doant meself like to intafere in tha 'fairs ob da family—daat I doant; but ye see, massr, things am a gwine all wrong—all wrong, by Golly!'

'In what respect?'

'Ah, massr, dat young lady—data young lady.'

Polite of Jake to call Viola a young lady.

'You think she is deceiving you?'

'More dan me, Massr George—more dan me.'

'What a wicked girl! But, perhaps, Jake, you only fancy these things? Have you had any proofs of her being unfaithful? Is there any one in particular who is now paying her attentions?'

'Yes, massr; berry partickler—nebber so partickler before—nebber.'

'A white man?'

'Gorramighty, Massr George!' exclaimed Jake, in a tone of surprise; 'you do talk kewrious: ob coorse it am a white man. No odder dan a white man dar shew 'tention to tha young lady.'

I could not help smiling. Considering Jake's own complexion, he appeared to hold very exalted views of the unapproachableness of his charmer by those of her own race. I had once heard him boast that he was the 'only man ob colour dat could shine *thar*.' It was a white man, then, who was making his misery.

'Who is he, Jake?' I inquired.

'Ah, massr, he am dat ar villain debbil, Arums Ringgol!'

'What! Arens Ringgold?—he making love to Viola?'

'Viola! Gorramighty, Massr George!' exclaimed the black, staring till his eyes shewed only the whites—'Viola! Gorramighty, I nebber say Viola!—nebber!'

'Of whom, then, are you speaking?'

'O massr, did I not say da young lady? dat am tha young missa—Missa Vaginy.'

'Oh! my sister you mean. Poh, poh! Jake. That is an old story. Arens Ringgold has been paying his addresses to my sister for many years; but with no chance of success. You needn't trouble yourself about that, my faithful friend; there is no danger of their getting married. She doesn't like him, Jake—I wonder who does or could—and even if she did, I would not permit it. But there's no fear, so you may make your mind easy on that score.'

My harangue seemed not to satisfy the black. He stood scratching his head, as if he had something more to communicate. I waited for him to speak.

'Scoose me, Massr George, for da freedom, but dar you make mighty big mistake. It am true dar war a time when Missa Vaginy she no care for dat ar snake in da grass. But de times am change: him father—da ole thief—he am gone to tha udda world; tha young un he now rich—he big planter—tha biggest on da ribber: ole missa she 'courage him come see Missa Vaginy—'cause he rich, he good spec.'

'I know all that, Jake: my mother always wished it; but that signifies nothing—my sister is a little self-willed, and will be certain to have her own way. There is no fear of her giving her consent to marry Arens Ringgold.'

'Scoose me, Massr George, 'scoose me 'gain—I tell you, massr, you make mistake: she a'most consent now.'

'Why, what has put this notion into your head, my good fellow?'

'Viola, massr. Dat ere quadroom tell me all.'

'So, you are friends with Viola again?'

'Ye, Massr George, we good friend as ebber. Twar only my s'picion—I war wrong. She good gal—she true as de rifle. No more s'picion o' her, on de part ob Jake—no.'

'I am glad of that. But pray, what has she told you about Arens Ringgold and my sister?'

'She tell me all: she see somethin' ebbery day.'

'Every day! Why, it is many days since Arens Ringgold has visited here?'

'No, massr; dar you am mistake 'gain: Mass Arums he come to da house ebbery day—a'most ebbery day.'

'Nonsense; I never saw him here. I never heard of his having been, since my return from the fort.'

'But him hab been, for all dat, massr; I see 'im meself. He come when you gone out. He be here when we goes a huntin'. I see um come yest'day, when you an' Mass Garger war away to tha bolunteers—dat he war sat'n.'

'You astonish me.'

'Dat's not all, massr. Viola she say dat Missa Vaginy she 'have diffrent from what she used to: he talk love; she not angry no more; she listen to him talk. Oh, Massr George, Viola think she give her consent t' marry him: dat would be dreadful thing—berry, berry dreadful.'

'Jake,' said I, 'listen to me. You will stay by the house when I am absent. You will take note of every one who comes and goes; and whenever Arens Ringgold makes his appearance on a visit to the family, you will come for me as fast as horse can carry you.'

'Golly! dat I will, Massr George: you nebber fear, I come fass enuff—like a streak ob de greased lightnin'.'

And with this promise, the black left me.

With all my disposition to be incredulous, I could not disregard the information thus imparted to me. Beyond doubt, there was truth in it. The black was too faithful to think of deceiving me, and too astute to be himself deceived. Viola had rare opportunities for observing all that passed within our family circle; and what motive could she have for inventing a tale like this?

Besides Jake had himself seen Ringgold on visits—of which I had never been informed. This confirmed the other—confirmed all.

What was I to make of it? Three who appear as lovers—the chief, Gallagher, Arens Ringgold! Has she grown wicked, abandoned, and is coquetting with all the world?

Can she have a thought of Ringgold? No—it is not possible. I could understand her having an affection for the soldier—a romantic passion for the brave and certainly handsome chief; but for Arens Ringgold—a squeaking, conceited snob, with nought but riches to recommend him—this appeared utterly improbable.

Of course, the influence was my mother's; but never before had I entertained a thought that Virginia would yield. If Viola spoke the truth, she had yielded, or was yielding.

'Ah, mother, mother! little knowest thou the fiend you would introduce to your home, and cherish as your child.'

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